B.M.R 14065

H.E.H. R 14082

THE
Soules Harmony.

Written by Nicholas Breton.

Imprinted at London by S. Stafford, for *Randoll Barkes*: And are to be sold at the signe of the white Vnicorne in Popes-head Alley. 1602.

title-page

Phot of HEH 6006

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THE SOVLES HARMONY.

BY

Nicholas Breton.

The Ninth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *Elizabeth Purslow.*
1635.

HEH 60063

Photo of HEH 53267

To the right Honourable and vertuous Lady, the Lady *Sara Hastings*, *Nicholas Breton* wisheth all happinesse in this world, *and eternall ioyes* hereafter.

(∴)

Right Honourable, your zealous loue to diuine studies, hath made the Muses of that Nature, to present your fauour, with the best fruites of their delights, which in the exercise of their spirituall Contemplations, haue brought forth these comfortable Meditations: which bound vp in this little volume, they haue presumed with my seruice, to present to your good Ladyship, beseeching the same, with that good fauour to accept them, that may vnder heauen be the greatest grace, that they desire vnto them. It is intituled, The

To the right Honorable and vertuous *Lady, the Lady* SARA HASTINGS, Nicholas Breton *wiſheth all happineſſe in this world, and eternall ioyes hereafter.*

(*)

RIght Honourable, your zealous loue to diuine ſtudies, hath made the Muſes of that nature, to preſent your ſauour with the beſt fruites of their delights, which in the exerciſe of their ſpirituall Contemplations, haue brought forth theſe comfortable Meditations: which bound vp in this little volume, they haue preſumed with my ſeruice, to preſent to your good Ladiſhip, beſeeching the ſame, with that good ſauour to accept them, that may vnder heauen be the greateſt grace, that they deſire vnto them.

To the Right Honourable and vertuous Lady, the Lady *Sary Haſtings*, *Nicholas Breton* wiſheth all happineſſe in this world, and eternall ioyes hereafter.

RIght Honourable, Your zealous loue to Diuine ſtudies, hath made the Muſes of that nature, to preſent your ſauour with the beſt fruits of their delights, which in the exerciſe of their ſpirituall Contemplations, haue brought forth theſe comfortable Meditations: which bound vp in this little Volume, they haue preſumed with my ſeruice, to preſent to your good Ladiſhip, beſeeching the ſame, with that good ſauour to accept them, that may vnder heauen be the greateſt grace, that they deſire vnto

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Harmony of the Soule, *who in the gracious thoughts of Gods bleſſing, and humble talke with his mercy, thinkes her ſelfe halfe in heauen ere ſhee come there: where, after that you haue paſſed a happy pilgrimage on this earth, God ſend you the eternall felicitie of the faithfull.*

Your Ladyſhips in all
humbleneſſe.

Nicholas Breton.

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Your Ladiſhips in all humbleneſſe.

Nicholas Breton.

GOD

GOD.

GRace in all Glories height,
On whom all Glories waite,
Deſcribes my ioyes conceite.

IESVS.

IOy in the higheſt of the height of ioy,
Holding the ſtate of the Celeſtiall ſtory
Eternall life, that doth all deaths deſtroy,
Sonne to that grace, that makes the Fathers Glory,
Vnmatched Power, in Mercies Princely might:
Such is the ſubſtance of my Soules delight.

CHRIST.

CLeere is the Sunne, that doth for euer ſhine,
Heauenly that light, that giues al eyes their ſee-
Royal that Crown, which neuer can decline, (ing,
Imperious Power, that giues all powers their being.
Such is the Power, the Crown, the Light, the Sun,
That neuer ends where Glory firſt begun.

GOD.

Race in all Glories height,
On whom all Glories waste,
Deſcribes my ioyes conceit.

IESVS.

y in the higheſt of the height of ioy,
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Heauenly that light, that giues al eies their ſee-
al that Crown, which neuer can decline, (ing,
erious Power, that giues al pow'rs their being.
his the Power, the Crown the Light, the Sun,
t neuer ends where Glory firſt begun.

GOD.

Race in all Glories height,
On whom all Glories waite,
Deſcribes my joyes conceit.

IESVS.

IOy in the higheſt of the height of joy,
Holding the ſtate of the Celeſtiall ſtory,
Eternall life, that doth all deaths deſtroy,
Son to that grace, that makes the Fathers Glory,
Vnmatched Power, in mercies Princely might,
Such is the ſubſtance of my ſou'es delight.

CHRIST.

Cleere is the Sun that doth for euer ſhine,
Heauenly that light that giues all eyes their ſeeing,
Royall that Crowne which neuer can decline,
Imperious power, that giues all powers their being,
Such is the Power, the Crowne, the Light, the Sun,
That neuer ends where Glory firſt begun.

MY ſoules loues life, & lifes loues ſoules delight,
How highly are thy holy Angels bleſt,
That in thy grace enioy the glorious ſight,
Wherein the ſumme of all their ioy doeth reſt!

What heauenly muſike may thoſe Muſes ſing,
Who ſet their conſorts by thy ſacred ſkill,
And Angels quauers make the Quire to ring,
While vertues Ayre doe all the voyces fill!

How

How may thoſe Spirits be with ioyes poſſeſt,
That may be rauiſht with this Royall ſight,
Where Peter ſawe, and in his ſeeing bleſt
My ſoules lifes loue, and loues lifes ſoules delight!

Oh bleſſed Peter, bleſt in ſuch a ſeeing:
Well might he ſing, Sweet Lord, here is good
ſ being.

O

(light,
My ſoules loues life, & lifes loues ſoules de-
How highly are thy holy Angels bleſt,
That in thy grace enioy the glorious ſight,
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What heauenly muſike may thoſe muſes ſing,
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My ſoules liues loue, & loues lifes ſoules delight!

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Well might he ſing, Sweete Lord, here is good

O Gracious God, and Lord of mercies might,
VVhy do I liue amid this world of woes?
VVhen euery day doth seeme to me as night,
VVhile sorrowes seeke my Spirites ouerthrowes.

I heare thy word, and would obey thy will,
But want the power, that might performe my due:
I know the good, and fayne would leaue the ill,
And feare the sorrow, that doth sinne ensue:

And

And yet I fall into that depth of sinne,
That makes me feare the iudgement of thy wrath,
Vntill thy grace doth all my helpe beginne,
To know what comfort, Faith in Mercy hath.

Oh blessed light, that shewes in Mercies eye,
While faith doth liue, that loue can neuer die.

Lord,

The Soules Harmony.

OGracious God, and Lord of mercies might,
Why do I liue amid this world of woes,
When euery day doth ſeeme to me as night,
While ſorrowes ſeek my Spirits ouerthrowes?

I heare thy word, and would obey thy will,
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I know the good, and faine would leaue the ill,
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And yet I fall into that depth of ſinne,
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The ſoules Harmonie.

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Oh bleſſed light, that ſhewes in mercies eye,
While Faith doth liue, that loue can neuer die.

LOrd, when I thinke how I offend thy will,
And know what good is in obedience to it,
And ſee my hurt, and yet continue ſtill
In doing ill, and cannot leaue to doe it;

And then againe, doe feele that bitter ſmart,
That inward breeds, of pleaſures after payne,
When ſcarce the thought is entred in my heart,
But it is gone, and ſinne gets in againe:

And when, againe, the act of ſinne is paſt,
And that thy grace doth call me backe againe;
Then in my teares I runne to thee as faſt,
And of my ſinnes, and of my ſelfe complayne.

What can I doe, but cry, Sweet Ieſus, ſaue me:
For I am nothing, but what thou wilt haue me.

O

The Soules Harmony.

LOrd, when I thinke how I offend thy will,
And know what good is in obedience to it,
And ſee my hurt, and yet continue ſtill
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And of my ſinnes, and of my ſelfe complaine.

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What can I doe but cry, ſweete Jeſus ſaue me?
For, I am nothing, but what thou wilt haue me.

O Lord that liueſt in that life of life,
Which all thou art, and of thy ſelfe alone:
Whoſe ſacred word is that ſoules cutting knife,
That doth deuide the marrow from the bone.

O glorious God, of grace and mercy more,
Then heart and ſoule are able to conceaue,
And ſeeſt the teares that mercy doth implore,
And wilt not Faith in feares diſcomfort leaue.

My

My God, my Lord, my ſoules liſes deareſt loue,
How ſo my ſinnes haue thy diſpleaſure moued,
Let my ſoules teares thy glorious mercy moue,
To make me feele, how faith may be beloued,

That being ſet from ſinne and ſorrow free,
I may not ceaſe to ſing in praiſe of thee.

My

O Lord, that liuest in that life of life,
Which all thou art, and of thy selfe alone:
Whose sacred word is that soules cutting knife,
That doth deuide the marrow from the bone.

O glorious God, of grace and mercy more,
Then heart and soule are able to conceiue,
And seest the teares that mercy doth implore,
And wilt not faith in feares discomfort leaue:

My God, my Lord, my soules life dearest loue,
How so my sinnes haue thy displeasure moued,
Let my soules teares thy glorious mercy moue,
To make me feele, how faith may be beloued.

That being set from sin and sorrow free,
I may not cease to sing in praise of thee.

My

O Lord that liuest in that life of life,
Which all thou art and of thy selfe alone:
Whose sacred word is that soules cutting knife,
That doth diuide the marrow from the bone.

O Glorious God, of grace and mercy more,
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My God, my Lord, my soules lifes dearest loue,
How so my sinnes haue thy displeasure moued,
Let my soules teares thy glorious mercy moue,
To make me feele, how faith may be beloued:

That being set from sinne and sorrow free,
I may not cease to sing in praise of thee.

My

MY heauenly Loue, frō that high throne of thine
Where gracious mercy ſits in Glories ſeat,
In that true pity of thy Power diuine,
That dries the teares, that mercy doe entreat,

Behold, ſweet Lord, theſe bleeding drops of loue,
That melt my ſoule in ſorrow of my ſinne,
And let theſe ſhowres ſome drops of mercy moue,
That in my griefe my comfort may beginne.

Let

Let not deſpaire confound my praying hope,
That begs an almes at thy mercies gate:
But let thy grace thy hand of bountie ope,
That comfort yeelds, which neuer comes too late,

That in the cure of my conſuming griefe,
My ioyfull ſoule may ſing of thy reliefe.

My heauenly loue, from that high throne of (thine,
Where gracious mercy sits in glories seat;
In that true pity of thy power diuine,
That dryes the teares that mercy do intreat:

Behold, sweet Lord, these bléeding drops of loue,
That melt my soule in sorrow of my sinne,
And let these showres some drops of mercy moue,
That in my griefe my comfort may begin.

Let not despaire confound my praying hope,
That beggs an almes at thy mercies gate:
But let thy grace thy hand of bounty ope,
That comfort yeelds, which neuer comes too late:

That in the care of my consuming griefe,
My toylfull soule may sing of thy reliefe.

Oh,

My heauenly loue from that high Throne of (thine,
Where gracious mercy sits in glories seat.
In that true pitty of thy power diuine,
That dryes the teares that mercy doe intreat:

Behold sweete Lord these bléeding drops of loue
That melt my soule in sorrow of my sinne,
And let these showres some drops of mercy moue,
That in my griefe my comfort may begin.

Let not despaire confound my praying hope,
That begs an almes at thy mercies gate:
But let thy grace thy hand of mercy ope,
That comfort yeelds, which neuer comes too late.

That in the care of my consuming griefe,
My toylfull soule may sing of thy reliefe.

Oh,

OH, that my ſoule were purified ſo,
It might no more be ſubiect vnto ſin,
And that my care might onely ſeeke to know,
How humble grace doth mercies loue begin.

Oh, that my thoughts, my words & deeds were ſuch,
As might not ſwarue from my deare Sauiours will,
And that my truth might neuer haue a tutch
Of falſe conceit, for to excuſe mine ill,

And that this world were vnto me a hell,
But where I ſee his Saints in their loues ſeruice,
And I might die, till I might liue to dwell
In ſome ſuch place, to do ſome pleaſing office,

That he might be, who doth my death deſtroy,
All aboue all, and all in all, my Ioy.

OH that my ſoule were purified ſo,
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That he might be, who doth my death deſtroy,
All aboue all, and all in all my ioy.

The

THe worldly prince doeth in his Septer hold
A kind of heauen in his authorities:
The wealthy miſer, in his maſſe of gold,
Makes to his ſoule a kind of Paradice:

The Epicure, that eates and drinkes all day,
Accounts no Heauen, but in his helliſh rowtes;
And ſhe, whoſe beauty ſeemes a ſunny day,
Makes vp her heauen, but in her babies clowtes.

But,

But, my ſweete God, I ſeeke no Princes power,
No miſers wealth, nor beauties fading gloſſe,
VVhich pāper ſin, whoſe ſweetes are inward ſowre,
And ſorry gaynes, that breed the Spirits loſſe.

No, my deare Lord, let my Heauen onely bee
In my Loues ſeruice, but to liue to thee.

The worldly Prince doth in his Scepter hold
A kind of heauen in his authorities:
The wealthy miser in his masse of gold,
Makes to his soule a kind of Paradise:

The Epicure that eats and drinks all day,
Accounts no heauen but in his hellish rowts;
And she, whose beauty seemes a sunny day,
Makes vp her heauen, but in her babies clowts.

But, my sweete God, I seeke no Princes power,
No Misers wealth, nor beauties fading glosse,
Which páper sin, whose sweets are inward sow-
And sorry gains, that breed the spirits losse. (er,

No, my deare Lord, let my heauen onely bee,
In my loues seruice, but to liue to thee.

The worldly Prince doth in his Scepter hold
A kind of heauen in his authorities,
The wealthy Miser in his masse of gold,
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And sorry gains, that breed the spirits losse.

No, my deare Lord, let my heauen onely bee,
In my loues seruice, but to liue to thee.

D

O God, forgiue the greatneſſe of my ſinne:
I am not worthy to implore thy Grace,
The loathſome ſtinke, that I lie tumbling in,
With filthy ſhame hath couered all my face.

I haue deſeru'd the depth of all thine ire,
To know thy will, yet wilfully offend,
My ſoule deſerues, in the internall fire,
To feele the torments that ſhall neuer end.

But

But Lord, thy mercy is aboue thy wrath,
Thou doeſt not ioy, to ſee a ſinners death,
And true repentance in thy mercie hath
The bleſſed food, that giues the ſpirit breath,

Where praying hope, in heart can periſh neuer.
While humble faith doth liue in ioy for euer.

O God, forgiue the greatneſſe of my ſinne:
I am not worthy to implore thy grace,
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The bleſſed foode that giues the Spirit breath.

Where praying hope in heart can periſh neuer,
While humble faith doth liue in ioy for euer.

What

WHat is the gold of all this world? but droſſe;
The ioy, but ſorrow, and the pleaſure, payne,
The wealth, but beggery, & the gayne but loſſe,
The wit, but folly, and the vertue vayne;

The power, but weakeneſſe, and but death the life,
The hope, but feare, and the aſſurance doubt,
The truſt, deceit, the concord but a ſtrife,
VVhere one conceit doth put another out;

Time

Time but an inſtant, and the vſe a toyle,
The knowledge, blindneſſe, & the care a madneſſe,
The ſiluer, lead, the diamond, but a foyle,
The reſt, but trouble, and the mirth but ſadneſſe.

Thus ſince to heauen compar'd, the earth is ſuch,
VVhat thing is man, to loue the world ſo much?

Oh,

(drosse;
VVHat is the gold of all this world? but
The ioy, but sorrow, & ẏ pleasure pain,
The wealth, but beggery, and the gain but losse,
The wit, but folly, and the vertue vaine;

The power but weaknesse, and but death the life,
The hope but feare, and the assurance dout,
The trust deceit, the concord but a strife;
Where one conceit doth put another out:

Time but an instant, and the vse a toyle,
The knowledge, blindnesse, & the care a madnes,
The siluer, lead, the Diamond, but a soyle,
The rest, but trouble, and the mirth but sadnes.

Thus since to heauen compar'd the earth is such,
What thing is man to loue the world so much?
Oh,

The soules Harmony.

VVHat is the gold of al this world, but drosse?
The ioy but sorrow, & the pleasure paine,
The wealth but beggery, and the gaine but losse,
The wit but folly, and the vertue vaine:

The power but weakenesse, and but death the life,
The hope but feare and the assurance doubt,
The trust deceite the concord but a strife,
Where one conceite doth put another out.

Time but an instant, and the use a toyle,
The knowledge blindnesse & the care a madnesse
The siluer lead, the Diamond but a soyle,
The rest but trouble, and the mirth but sadnesse.

Thus since to heauen compar'd the earth is such,
What thing is man to loue the world so much?
Oh

OH, would man thinke but on that world of ioy,
Which in the heauens the choſen ſhall receiue,
And then againe, vpon this worlds annoy,
VVhere hellish baytes the wicked do deceiue!

Would he but looke vpon the Angels graces,
The Paradiſes of their heauenly pleaſures,
And then, vpon the deuils ougly faces,
VVith all their torments endles without measures!

Would

VVould men thus make a differēce in their minds,
Twixt light and darkeneſſe, and the day, and night,
Then would ſinne die, that with illuſion blinds
The eye of nature from her bleſſed ſight,

And man would loue the good, & hate the euill,
And honour God, and tread vpon the deuill.

Some

OH, would man thinke but on the woꝛld of (ioy,
which in the heauēs the choſen ſhall receiue,
And then againe vpon this woꝛlds annoy,
Where helliſh baits the wicked do deceiue!

Would he but looke vpon the Angels graces,
The Paradiſes of their heauenly pleaſures,
And then vpon the diuels ougly faces, (ſures!
With all their toꝛments endleſſe without mea-

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The eye of nature from her bleſſed ſight:

And man would loue the good, and hate the euill,
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OH, would man thinke but on the woꝛld of ioy,
Which in the heauens the choſen ſhal receiue,
And then againe vpon this woꝛlds annoy,
Where helliſh baites the wicked doe deceiue

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The Paradiſes of their heauenly pleaſures,
And then vpon the deuils vgly faces,
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The eye of nature from her bleſſed ſight.

And man would loue the good and hate the euill,
And honoꝛ God, and tread vpon the deuill.

Some

SOme heauenly Muſe come helpe me ſing,
In Glorie of my heauenly King:
And from ſome holy Angels wing,
Where Graces doe for feathers ſpring,
Oh bring my hand one bleſſed Pen,
To write beyond the reach of men:

Let all the ſubiect be of Grace,
Where Mercy ſet in Glories place,
Doth ſtand before that ſhining face,
That makes all other beauty bate:
That Heauen and earth may ſee the wonder,
That puts all worths and wonders vnder:

The Soules Harmony.

Let Vertues onely ſet the grounds,
VVhere Grace but all of Glory ſounds,
VVhile Mercie heales the ſpirits wounds:
VVhere faith the feare of death confounds:
That heauen and earth may ioy to heare,
The Muſike of the Angels queere.

Oh tell the world, no world can tell,
How that Ioy doth all ioyes excell,
VVhere bleſſed ſoules ſet free from hell,
In Mercy do with Glory dwell,
And with the Saints and Angels ſing,
In glory of their heauenly King:

SOme heauenly Muſe come helpe me ſing,
In glory of my heauenly King:
And from ſome holy Angels wing,
Where graces do for feathers ſpring,
Oh bring my hand one bleſſed Pen,
To write beyond the reach of men:

Let all the ſubiect be of grace,
Where mercy ſet in glories place,
Doth ſtand before that ſhining face,
That makes all other beauty baſe:
That heauen and earth may ſee the wonder,
That puts all worths and wonders vnder:

Let vertues onely ſet the grounds,
Where Grace but all of Glory ſounds,
While mercy heales the ſpirits wounds,
Where faith the feare of death confounds:
That heauen and earth may ioy to heare
The muſike of the Angels Quire.

Oh,

SOme heauenly Muſe come helpe me ſing,
In glory of my heauenly King:
And from ſome holy Angels wing,
Where graces doe for feathers ſpring;
Oh bring my hand one bleſſed Pen,
To write beyond the reach of men.

Let all the ſubiect be of grace,
Where mercy ſet in glories place,
Doth ſtand before that ſhining face,
That makes all other beauties baſe:
That heauen and earth may ſee the wonder,
That puts all worths and wonders vnder.

Let vertues onely ſet the grounds,
Where Grace but all of Glory ſounds,
Where mercy heales the ſpirits wounds,
Where faith the feare of death confounds,
That heauen and earth may ioy to heare
The muſicke of the Angels Quire.

Oh

The Soules Harmony.

Sinke not a note beneath the ſence,
Of Glories higheſt excellence,
And keepe vnto that onely Tence,
VVhere heauens haue all their honour thence:
That Seraphins may clap their wings,
To heare how Grace, or Glory ſings.

Oh, let the Sunne in brightnes ſhine,
And neuer let the Moone decline,
And euery ſtarre his light refine,
Before that bleſſed light diuine:
Of whome, in whom, from whom alone,
They haue their ſhining euery one.

Let

Oh tell the world, no tongue can tell,
How that ioy doth all ioyes excell,
Where blessed soules set free from hell,
In mercie doe with glory dwell,
And with the Saints and Angels sing,
In glory of their heauenly King:

Sinke not a note beneath the sence
Of glories highest Excellence,
And keepe vnto that holy Tence,
Where heauens haue all their honor thence:
That Seraphins may clap their wings,
To heare how Grace, of Glory sings.

Oh, let the Sunne in brightnesse shine,
And neuer let the Moone decline,
And euery starre his light resigne,
Before that blessed light diuine:
Of whom, in whom, from whom alone,
They haue their shining euery one.

Oh tell the world, no tongue can tell,
How that ioy doth all ioyes excell,
Where blessed soules set free from hell,
In mercie doe with glory dwell,
And with the Saints and Angels sing,
In glory of their heauenly King:

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And keepe vnto that holy Tence,
Where heauens haue all their honor thence:
That Seraphins may clap their wings,
To heare how Grace, of Glory sings.

Oh, let the Sun in brightnesse shine,
And neuer let the Moone decline,
And euery starre his light resigne,
Before that blessed light diuine:
Of whom, in whom, from whom alone,
They haue their shining euery one.

Let all the Azure skie be cleare,
And not a miſtie cloud come neere,
But all that brighteſt light appeare,
Where Angels make their merrie cheere,
And all the troope of heauens may ſee,
Where all the ioyes of heauen may be.

Let Phœbus in his brightnes ſtay:
And driue the darkeſome nights away,
And Virgins, Saints, and Angels play,
While Martyres keepe high holy-day:
And all the hoſt of heauen accord,
To ſing in glory of the Lord.

Let

Let all the yeere be Summers ſpring,
And Nightingales all Birds that ſing,
And all the fruites that grow or ſpring,
Be brought vnto this glorious King,
With all their colours and their ſweetes,
Before his feete to ſtrow the ſtreetes:

Let hony-dewes perfume the ayre,
That all may be both ſweet and fayre,
That may with Mercies leaue repayre,
Vnto the ſeate of Glories Chayre:
That euery thing may fitting fall,
Vnto the Glory of them all.

Le

The Soules Harmony.

Let all the Azure ſkye be cleare,
And not a miſty cloud come nere,
But all that brighteſt light appeare,
Where Angels make their merry cheare,
And all the troupe of heauens may ſee,
Where all the ioyes of heauen may be.

Let Phœbus in his brightneſſe ſtay,
And driue the darkeſome nights away,
And Virgins, Saints, and Angels play,
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And all the hoaſt of heauen accord,
To ſing in glory of the Lord.

Let all the yeere be Summers ſpring,
And Nightingales all Birds that ſing,
And all the fruites that grow or ſpring,
Be brought vnto this glorious King,
With all their colours and their ſweets,
Before his feete to ſtrow the ſtreets:

Let

The ſoules Harmonie.

LEt all the Azure ſkye be cleare,
And not a miſty cloud come nere,
But all that brighteſt light appeare,
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And all the troupe of heauens may ſee,
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And Virgins, Saints, and Angels play,
While Martyrs keepe high holy-day:
And all the hoaſt of heauen accord,
To ſing in glory of the Lord.

Let all the yeare be Summers ſpring,
And Nightingales all Birds that ſing,
And all the fruits that grow or ſpring,
Be brought vnto this glorious King,
With all their colours and their ſwarts,
Before his feete to ſtrow the ſtraits.

Let

The Soules Harmony.

Let all the hearts, the ſoules, the mindes,
That wiſdome vnto vertue bindes,
And breedes but of thoſe bleſſed kindes,
That gracious loue in glory findes,
Agree together all in one,
To glorifie our God alone.

And when they all in turne are ſet,
And in their ſweeteſt munke met,
And higheſt ſkil the note hath fet,
Where grace may higheſt glory get;
My rauiſht ſoule in mercy then,
May haue but leaue to ſing, *Amen.*

Gloria in excelſis Deo.

The Soules Harmony.

Let hony-dewes perfume the ayre,
That all may be both ſweete and fayre,
That may with Mercies leaue repayre,
Vnto the ſeate of Glories Chayre:
That euery thing may fitting fall
Vnto the glory of them all.

Let all the hearts, the ſoules, the minds,
That wiſedome vnto vertue binds,
And breeds but of thoſe bleſſed kinds,
That gracious loue in glory finds,
Agree together all in one,
To glorifie our God alone.

And when they all in turne are ſet,
And in their ſweeteſt Muſicke met,
And higheſt ſkill the note hath ket,
Where grace may higheſt glory get;
My rauiſht ſoule in mercy then,
May haue but leaue to ſing Amen.

Gloria in excelſis Deo.

The ſoules Harmonie.

LEt hony doues perfume the ayre,
That all may be both ſweete and fayre,
That may with Mercies leaue repayre,
Vnto the ſeate of Glories Chayre:
That euery thing may fitting fall,
Vnto the glory of them all.

Let all the hearts, the ſoules, the minds,
That wiſedome vnto vertue binds,
And breeds but of thoſe bleſſed kinds,
That gracious loue in glory finds,
Agree together all in one,
To glorifie our God alone.

And when they all in turne are ſet,
And in their ſweeteſt Muſicke met,
And higheſt ſkill the note hath get,
Where grace may higheſt glory get;
My rauiſh't ſoule in mercie then,
May haue but leaue to ſing Amen.

Gloria in excelſis Deo.

PRayſe, in the higheſt of the height of prayſe,
Strayne vp thy heart vnto thy ſpirits note,
There, in the worth, where all thy wonder ſtayes,
Write to the wits of all the world to quote:

Tell them, oh tell them, that thou canſt not tell,
What grace and glory thy deare God deſerueth,
Whoſe Excellence all excellence doth excell,
While him alone, all excellency ſeruеth.

Life,

Life, loue, trueth, power, grace, pity, bounty, glory;
Health, comfort, wiſdome, vertue, mercy, peace;
Theſe in the ſtate of the celeſtiall ſtory,
Doe ſound the glory that ſhall neuer ceaſe,

Whoſe holy prayſes to more height ariſe,
Then earth or heauen, or Angels can deuiſe:

Gloria in excelſis Deo.

PRaiſe, in the higheſt of the height of praiſe,
Straine vp thy heart vnto thy ſpirits note,
There, in the worth where all thy wonder ſtaies,
Write to the wits of all the world to quote:

Tell them, oh tell them, that thou canſt not tell,
What grace and glory thy deare God deſerueth,
Whoſe Excellence all excellence doth excell,
While him alone all excellency ſerueth.

Life, loue, truth, power, grace, pity, bounty, glory,
Health, comfort, wiſedome, vertue, mercy, peace;
Theſe in the ſtate of the celeſtiall ſtory,
Doe ſound the glory that ſhall neuer ceaſe,

Whoſe holy prayſes to more height ariſe,
Then earth or heauen, or Angels can deuiſe.
Gloria in excelſis Deo.

O

PRaiſe, in the higheſt of the height of praiſe,
Straine vp thy heart vnto thy ſpirits note,
There, in the worth where all thy wonder ſtaies,
Write to the wits of all the world to quote.

Tell them, oh tell them, that thou canſt not tell,
What grace and glory thy deare God deſerueth,
Whoſe Excellence all excellence doth excell,
While him alone all excellency ſerueth.

Life, loue, truth, power, grace, pity, bounty glory,
Health, comfort, wiſdome, vertue, mercy peace,
Theſe in the ſtate of the celeſtiall ſtory,
Doe ſound the glory that ſhall neuer ceaſe.

Whoſe holy praiſes doe more high ariſe,
Then Earth or Heauen, or Angels can deuiſe.
Gloria in excelſis Deo.

O

O That my heart could hit vpon a ſtrayne,
Would ſtrike the muſike of my ſoules deſire:
Or that my ſoule could find that ſacred vayne,
That ſets the conſort of the Angels Quiere:

Or that that Spirit of eſpeciall grace,
That cannot ſtoupe beneath the ſtate of heauen,
Within my ſoule would take his ſetled place,
With Angels *Ens*, to make his glory euen.

Then

Then ſhould the name of my moſt gracious King,
And glorious God, in higher tunes bee ſounded,
Of heauenly prayſe, then earth hath power to ſing,
Where heauen & earth, & Angels are confounded,

And ſoules may ſing while all heart-ſtrings are (broken,
His praiſe is more, then can in praiſe be ſpoken.

Gloria in excelſis Deo.

O That my heart could hit vpon a ſtraine,
Would ſtrike the muſike of my ſoules deſire
Or that my ſoule could find that ſacred vaine,
That ſets the conſort of the Angles Quier:

Or that the ſpirit of eſpeciall grace,
That cannot ſtoope beneath the ſtate of heauen,
Within my ſoule would take his ſettled place,
With Angels Ens to make his glory euen.

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And glorious God in higher tunes be ſounded,
Of heauenly praiſe then earth hath power to ſing
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That ſets the conſort of the Angels Quier.

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With Angels Ens to make his glory euen.

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And glorious God in higher tunes be ſounded,
Of heauenly praiſe then earth hath power to ſing.
Where heauen & earth, & Angels are confounded.
(broken,
And ſoules may ſing while all heart ſtrings are
His praiſe is more than can in praiſe be ſpoken.
Gloria in excelſis Deo.

14085

WHen Iob had loſt his children, lands & goods,
Patience did kill the poyſon of his payne:
And when his ſorrowes came as faſt as floods,
Hope kept his heart, till comfortes came agayne.

When Dauids life by Saul was often ſought,
And worlds of croſſes compaſt him about,
Yet was his ſpirit neuer ouer-vrought,
But in his woes, hope ſtill did helpe him out.

VVhen

When the ſore Cripple by the poole did lye,
Full many a yeere in miſery and payne,
His heart on Chriſt no ſooner ſet his eye,
But teares mou'd grace, and he was well agayne.

No Iob, nor Dauid, Cripple more in griefe:
Chriſt giue me patience, and my hope reliefe.

FINIS.

14852

The Soules Harmony.

When Iob had loſt his children, lands and goods,
Patience did kil the poyſon of his pain:
And when his ſorrowes came as faſt as floods,
Hope kept his heart, till comforts came againe.

When Dauids life by Saul was often ſought,
And words of croſſes compaſt him about,
Yet was his ſpirit neuer ouer-wrought,
But in his woes hope ſtill did helpe him out.

When the ſore Cripple by the poole did lye,
Full many a yeare in miſery and paine,
His heart on Chriſt no ſooner ſet his eye,
But teares mou'd grace, and he was wel againe.

No Iob nor Dauid, Cripple more in griefe,
Chriſt giue me patience, and my hope reliefe.

FINIS.

14852

The ſoules Harmonie.

When Iob had loſt his children, lands and goods,
Patience did kill the poyſon of his paine,
And when his ſorrow came as faſt as floods,
He kept his heart, till comforts came againe.

When Dauids life by Saul was often ſought,
And words of croſſes compaſt him about,
Yet was his ſpirit neuer ouer-wrought,
But in his woes hope ſtill did helpe him out.

When the ſore Cripple by the pole did lye,
Full many a yeare in miſery and paine,
His heart on Chriſt no ſooner ſet his eye,
But teares mou'd grace and he was well againe.

No Iob nor Dauid, Cripple more in griefe,
Chriſt giue me patience, and my hope reliefe.

FINIS.